

ing of men taught to command

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news" and the "Trade News." It is the latter class, he says, that he doesn't want as guests at the dinner. The distinction is rather too fine for the naked eye of most people. But with the aid of a microscope it may be discovered that the "Trade News" had an affair of the most money-making kind and can afford to spend more money on the dinner than the other news-gatherers at hotels and watering-places. It is precisely this the reason that all other land-lords are so anxious to take them in since they were turned them out.

A chance, happily, has come over the spirit of substance of the war news from Europe. The Russians in their relentless advance have forced the Turks back upon the Tohravankiev range, where thousands of the unfortunate Ottomans are crowded together. Their good deal of their weapons are and they may without doing harm to their jaws or barking their shins over some of the conscripts. These passers come forced and the cold mountain torrent Giospency fords, the picturesque ruins of the double-towered building plain, suitable for military operations, where none of the names of the places are of more than two syllables. The news will be hailed with rapturous delight by all persons concerned in the preparation or pursuit of newsworthy news and that their previous proposals may have been.

It may affect the interest that good people have in religious revivals, spelling-matches, and singing societies, to know that a great many of these entertainments through the West, of late, have been organized and steered by a band of cut-throats and thieves, who use them to attract people from their homes, which are left unprotected against the depredations of the thieves. The Cincinnati *Gazette* to illustrate over this fact, and it must be true, because revivals, and singing societies, and spelling-matches have been held.

We have received a sweet little poemlet, beginning as follows:

Gaily the cupbearer
Poured the wine,
For which, however, we are unable to find room, so crowded are our columns at present with unimportant political intelligence. (The author is respectfully invited to remember that she forgot to remember that the word was "troubled.")

A beautiful St. Louisienne—has recently despatching her friends in Boston. A recent letter she assures you I did not allow the grass to grow under my feet." Her auditors gazed thoughtfully at her feet, and thought inwardly that if the grass couldn't grow under the same it wasn't because it hadn't room to, and it must be a pretty poor reason for grass.

BEN HILL ON BLAINE: "I think I know the old fellow. He has a tongue that never tires, an ambition that never sleeps, a face that never blanches, and a heart that never hostesses." Now, let us have Jim's opinion of BEN.

The cause of Culture, or rather Culchah, is being carried on in Boston. A recent electric hand-bill announces the revival of the well-known play of "Oliver Twist," with a local favorite as *Bill Peckham*.

PERSONAL.

The New York *Tribune* has high praise for Alger's "Life of Forrest."

A bust of Charles Francis Adams has been made by his son, John Adams.

Roscoe Conkling was an LL. D. by Madison University at the late Commencement.

A blunder of the telegraph assigned President Grant to Buenos Ayres instead of Berne.

It is said that Mr. Knapp, in connection with the late prosecution against him in England, that he really broke into jail.

The Faculty of Dartmouth College are said to be incensed at the action of the students in installing a new President. The Faculty avows that the well-known play of "Oliver Twist," with a local favorite as *Bill Peckham*.

The orator of Class-Day at Brown University, the honor of the occasion was given to Edward Brown. He was chosen by the vote of his classmates. The honor is esteemed the highest one that can be claimed in college.

The Comte de Paris, who is enormously popular in England, has recently presented a very different picture painted by his daughter. Everybody else sent money, which it was known would be much more acceptable.

Alphonse Daudet, the rising French novelist, has just published an amusing paper, in which he gives a very valuable inheritance of vigorous phrase, perhaps, which custom has made complimentary. He is something of a Bohemian in dress, though neither in manner or morals.

An Englishman who writes London letters for the Boston *Advertiser*, has lately avowed the change of front on Gen. Grant's part with regard to England, and his consequent relinquishment of Sumner's English policy, are strong reasons for his resignation.

A letter-writer in the new English weekly, *Mayfair*, complains bitterly because he saw the Earl of March and John Brown, Queen Victoria's body-servant, going a-fishing on the same day, and he says that he saw the same man in a carriage with attendant footmen.

The London *Economist* says that George Estlin would have made an excellent medieval Englishman, an excellent a Pshaw. During his campaign against the English, he was a most conspicuous, playfully christened by him "The Devastation," and holding about two quarts of barley.

In the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Peckham has an amusing paper, in which he gives a very valuable inheritance of vigorous phrase, perhaps, which custom has made complimentary. He is something of a Bohemian in dress, though neither in manner or morals.

The Philadelphia Times also has been inspired upon it. It informs its readers that "The bats of Dr. Le Moyne are to promise to be burned before they can get their legacies." It is thought that the bats will be very valuable in practice as they prove rather troublesome in the night.

An English lady of high rank asked Depretis, the Prime Minister, lately, most innocently, "Why it was that the King of Italy needed so much money?" "Because," he replied, "the King of Italy," replied the Minister, with more truth than elegance, "our King is immortal, and immortality costs more than virtue."

Charles Frederick Briggs, a well-known author and journalist, died recently at his residence in Brooklyn, Wednesday. He was associated with Clark Gwynne and George William Curtis in *Park Avenue Magazine*, and afterwards held important positions in the same publication. At the time of his death he was connected with the Brooklyn *Union*.

James Grant Wilson says, in the *Independent*, of John Lotrop Motley: "In the last letter that I received from him, he said that his friend had mentioned that he was occupied with what he considered the greatest work of his life,—"the history of the Thirty Years' War,"—which, it is to be feared, will ever remain but a masterly fragment."

Dr. Tourje's preparations for a concert to President Hayes in the Boston Tabernacle recall those of the same times. The chorus will number 1,100, from among the members of the various churches, and a solo corps of 100, in imitation of the "boquet of artists," will be a conspicuous feature. The concert will be set up, and the programme will range from the Hallelujah Chorus to the Star-Spangled Banner.

Robert Rogers, the actor, prides himself greatly upon his knowledge of the life of Napoleon, and this circumstance enabled the boys to put up an awful job upon him at the time that he was making preparations for the "Charles the Great."

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